

THE

Banish'd Duke :

OR, THE

TRAGEDY

OF

Infortunatus.

Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

——— *Nil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis ingeniiq; bonis.*

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

L O N D O N,

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prolegue

eat lofty spirits degg'd with clouds of air

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Prologue.

Great lofty Spirits, clogg'd with Clouds of Air,
Soar high in hopes, and drown in deep despair :
Whilst discontented they turn, by disdain,
Their Theatre of Joy to Sorrow's Scene.
For proof, we'll demonstrations to you bring,
Of what befel a more than Popish King.
And shew you one, ambitious for a Crown,
Aspire in Air, and in a Cloud fall down.
We'll shew you Passion, such as ne're was seen,
Cast up and cancell'd in a Roman Queen.
We'll treat you with a Monster, in disguise,
Vail'd with pretence ; and yet not cheat your eyes.
And if you relish not our dainty food,
We'll fill you up a Glass of Rebels blood ;
Blood that was shed and sacrific'd to ease
The rage of Rome, and Queen Papissa please.
And to shut up the Feast, at last, you shall
Have for a dish, a Christian Cannibal.
Like Ens Rationis real, that's more rare
Than any Show that's been in Smithfield-Fair.
Then, for Desert, we'll bring you from the Skyes,
A Child conceiv'd, and swaddled up in lyes.

*Whose Father was, and is not, seen unknown ;
Who, like the Ostridge, doth his brood disown.
His Mothers have supposed real, been :
This yet unknown, that an Imperious Queen.
And lest we Tantalize your Expectation,
With Crabs, that set on edge this fruitful Nation,
We'll haste the Dishes in, and feed your senses
With Hocus pranks, and Catholick pretences.
Then rouse your appetites above the Sphere
Of Meat and Drink, we'll blow you up with Air :
Air that shall make you vomit up your Dishes
Of Transubstantiate Deities and Fishes.
But lest your quasy Stomachs should cast up
Your Dainties, drinking of the Roman Cup,
We'll fill you out a Dram of Orange-juice ;
Will Antidote a Surfeit, and make Spruce
Your drowsie Spirits : Then present your eye
With the end of Pride and Prodigality :
Whose vain Results have, since the world began,
Provd false, uncertain, and a great Trepan.
From hence then Prudence learn, and be content
With what you have, Distractions to prevent :
And we will Objects, never brought to light,
First let you see, and after bid, Good Night.*

THE

1854

1854



The Names of the Actors.

Romanus, King of *Albion*.

Infortunatus, Nephew to King *Romanus*, Banish'd for pretending Right to the Crown.

Don Alvaro, General of King *Romanus*'s Army.

Cancellarius, a Timist, Favourite, and Councellour of King *Romanus*.

Manlius Clericus, Chaplain in Ordinary to King *Romanus*.

Oxonius, a Church-Weather cock, Mountebank of State, and King *Romanus*'s Friend.

Petrus Impostor, a Jesuit, and Father Confessor to Queen *Papissa*.

Calamus Tremebundus, a subtile Sycophant, King *Romanus*'s great Favourite.

Don Ferdinando, a Banish'd Peer of *Albion*, and pretended Friend to *Infortunatus*.

Belgicus, a Collonel, and Favourite of *Infortunatus*.

Ingenioso, Secretary, and Counsellour to *Infortunatus*, Banish'd by King *Romanus*.

Flavius, Chaplain to *Infortunatus*.

Rogerus, a Clown, Knighted by *Infortunatus*.

Richardus, a Country Clown, who refused to be Knighted by *Infortunatus*.

Papissa, a rigid Catholick, and Queen to King *Romanus*.

Joviana, Queen *Papiss*'s great Favourite and Councellour.

Formosa Catholica, a Profelite Popish Nun.

Penelope, a Country Maid, in Love with *Rogerus* the Clown.

Petrona an obicure Catholick.

The Ghost of *Antonius Calrophus* Mayor, Constables, Page, Messengers, Executioner, Midwife, Children.

The Banish'd Duke:
OR, THE
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OF
Infortunatus.

A C T I.

The SCENE a Village in Belgium.

Enter *Infortunatus*, *Belgicus*, and *Ingenioso*.

Infortunatus. **W**Hat Fate doth me thus to Subjection bring?
The Splendid Issue of a Potent King:
I, by Exploits, in *Germany* and *France*
My Valour shew'd, and Fortune did advance:
And for this Crime, my Royal Father sent
Me from his Face, to suffer Banishment.
Ingrateful Cruel *Romans* served thus
Brave *Belisarius* and *Andronicus*:
Yet I (in spite of Mortals) am design'd
To live and dye a Monarch in my mind.
Belgic. Better, Brave Prince, to live thus in Exile,
Than be Confined within Great *Albion's* Isle:

The Banish'd Duke.

It is too small environ'd by the Main,
Your swelling Orb of Greatness to contain :
On Earth's Vast Continent then live content,
Tho for a while you suffer Banishment.

[*Exit* Belgicus.

Enter *Flavius*.

Flav. Great Prince, your Father's lately dead and gone,
And now your Uncle do's possess his Throne ;
A Popish Prince, that's neither just nor wise ;
Seduc'd by Fopperies, Hocus pranks, and lyes.
Doubt not the Truth of what I do Relate ;
Blame not Misfortune but submit to Fate.

Infort. What ? Is it true ? And is my Father dead ?
And now *Romanns* Crowned in his stead ?
Strange News ! Methinks the People have more Sence,
Than to be govern'd by a *Roman* Prince.
Are they who (like their Prince) were always free,
So easily Reduc'd to Slavery ?
Poor Souls ! who from their Courage now have fell,
May hence for ever in Repentance swell,
To think they've lost the fit time to Rebel. }
Rebel ! Is it Rebellion to Depose
A Prince, long since, Deposed by the Laws ?
True Protestants, there, only ought to Sway,
To whom all Subjects should Allegiance pay :
'Tis only such that should possess that Throne ; }
No *Roman* Successour should sit thereon : }
O Nation by Submission quite undone ! }
Do they not know, if Christians once but do }
Give Gifts to *Turks*, they're after forc'd thereto ; }
For once Obeying, makes Obedience due. }
What's to be done ?

Flav. Will you live thus in Banishment, and be
Kick'd from three Kingdoms, by Conspiracy ?
Must you, who was Great *Albion's* Darling, now
Unto an Out-Law'd *Romish* Scepter bow ?
It is below your Spirit, therefore choose,
Rather One Head than Three Crowns thus to lose.

Infort. I'll haste to *Albion*, tho' my power be small,
I'll either stand up right, or quite down fall.

Display

The Banish'd Duke.

3

Display my Courage, when I come ashore ;
I'll fright the *Priests*, and daunt the *Scarlet Whore* :
I'll use no Eloquence, but plead, with Swords,
That Right with Magnanimity affords.

Enter Don *Ferdinando*.

Ferd. What ? Still in Meditation ! 'tis in vain ;
Better you lose your Limbs, than crack your Brain.
Rouse up your Soul, if you your Country love,
Or love your Self, quick into Action move.
Do you not hear *Romanus* doth possess
The Throne, whilst you Exil'd live Kingdomless ?
Do you not know your great Ambition,
Lately exprest, was to enjoy your own ?
I mean that poor, griev'd and distressed Nation,
That's now Impos'd upon by Usurpation :
To which you are true or supposed Heir.

Ingen. (Many have said what never One durst swear.) *Aside.*

Ferd. And (laying by your Interest) it would be
(Since you with ease may set the Nation free)
One of the greatest Acts of Charity.

Infor. Pray tell me what is't you would have me do ?
I cannot walk, nor speak, nor think, for you :
For whether my Exercise be bad or good,
The well-bred *Ferdinando* doth intrude.

Ferd. Call but a Council, and with them Advise ;
A Council that's both Godly, Grave, and Wise :
To them propose whatever you think fit ;
And then let them Debate and Judge of it.
Delay no more, Delays are ever curst ;
And Long-Bill'd-Birds do always sing the worst.

Infor. I'll take Advice of those who're Good and True,
And *Ferdinando*, I put Trust in you.

Ferd. Let me a Cuckold be, my Wife turn Whore,
Let me ne'er Prosper, as I've heretofore ;
Let me turn Coward, and be bath'd in Sin,
Kiss my own Sisters when my Wife lies in ;
If I on any terms whatever do
Betray my Trust, or e'er prove False to you.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The SCENE King Romanus his Palace.

Enter Romanus and Petrus Impostor

Rom. All my designs I cunningly have wrought,
This stubborn Nation to subjection brought.
I taught my **Foes**, e're they were sick, to dye ;
Now I'll profess the Art of Monarchy.
I'll make *Great Albion's* Neck my Yoke to bear :
Who will not love me, I'll compel to fear.
I'll keep no word with *Hereticks*, till I
O'rethrow their Church and set up *Poper*y.
And all my trembling Subjects shall obey,
Without enquiring what I do or say.

Pet. *His Holiness of Rome* still influence
Your undertakings, and be your defence.
We'll sacrifice our Gods, and shall not fail
To use all means to make the Church prevail,
Which I am sure can never well be done,
Unless you do contrive to get a Son :
This will secure your Kingdoms and your Crown ;
And be a means to pull Usurpers down.

Rom. Come work this Miracle, I love the thing,
To be the Father of a Popish King.
If thou'lt do this, I'll certainly restore
Rome's Revenues, which we kept back before.
I'll make my best and greatest Subjects go
To *Rome*, and kiss his *Holiness's* Toe.

Pet. Great Sir, if you the *Roman Church* restore,
And make her sound, as she was once before,
And all those wicked *Hereticks* but burn,
Who to the *Romish Faith* refuse to turn ;
We'll send you Relicks, Pardons, Holy Beads,
Paul's Teeth a Bushel, two of *Peter's* Heads,
Your venial Sins, Transgressions great and small,
Past, Present, and to come, We'll Pardon all.
And when you're dead, for Songs you shall not want,
We'll canonize you, for a *Holy Saint*.

And

The Banish'd Duke.

And all, who turn to *Popery* shall have Power
To Drink and Swear, to Murder, Steal, and Whore,
Rom. The Devils in that Man that would ask for more.

Enter *Papissa*.

Pap. What Plots of Wit, and Stratagems of War,
In Brains quite void of Sence, do you prepare?

I am Great *Albion's* stately head, and can
Out-wit the Projects of an Ancient Man.

Without your Aid, I quickly will pull down
All *Hereticks* before my Royal Crown.

My Subjects I will to Subjection bring;
I'm their whole *Queen*, and will be half their King.

I'll wear the *Royal Breeches*, and I'll make
All *Protestants* to tremble and to quake.

And if *Romanus* you offended be,

I'll snatch the Sword and rule the Monarchy.

The Roman Church in *Albion* I'll advance,

I'll have but one Religion as in *France*;

I'll tame my stubborn Subjects till they know

The flaming fury of a Popish Foe.

Rom. Hold, hold, *Papissa*; for I can't allow,

To bear the Sword and wear the Breeches too.

You would unking and pull me from my Throne;

But you had best make haste and get you gone.

Pap. How gone! I hitherto my ground have stood,

I'm come of more than Royal, *Holy Blood*.

My Uncle is the lofty *Pope of Rome*,

That doth command all *Kings* in Christendom.

Then by our *Lady*, and the *Popes Great Toe*, She pulleth him by the

You put me in a rage by saying so.

Cravat and Perrinwig.

Rom. How? Confidence, This cannot be endur'd:

Call in the Guards, and let her be secur'd.

Enter *Cancellarius*.

Canc. Great *Madam*, I'm asham'd to see such actions,
Which presage more, and greater Court-distractions.

Pap. A King's but like another Man to me;

Should he live Fopp, I will an Empress be.

Rom.

The Banish'd Duke.

Rom. Was ever King Infortunate like me ?
 Who Married one below my Pedegree,
 That now insults and hectors, as you see.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

The SCENE Infortunatus's Chamber : *Enter* Infortunatus,
 Belgicus, Ferdinando, Flavius, and Ingenioso.

Infor. The Members of my Council are but few,
 Yet hope they're Worthy, Valiant, Wise and True.

You know my Father's lately dead and gone,
 And now *Romanus* doth possess his Throne,
 He was the Man that did undo us all,
 Who Banish'd me, and did contrive my Fall.
 But I'm resolv'd with all the speed I can,
 To go for *Albion* and lift every Man
 That will prove Faithful to my Cause and me ;
 And set oppressed wretched *Albion* free.
 Yet I would know your mind ; ere we go hence,
 In a design of so great consequence.

Belg. Brave Sir, a clearer case was never known,
 Than for a Prince to plead to have his own :
 We'll hast to Sea, both Men and Arms prepare,
 Your cause is just, if you be Lawful Heir.
 You shall have all the aid I can afford,
 I'll be the first Man that shall go on Board.

Ferd. There's no necessity, at such a time,
 To clear our cause of any forged Crime,
 Or to excuse our selves of Treason, since
Romanus ever was a Popish Prince.
 Tho' *Trusts* should be guilty, and refuse
 Assistance to our Forces, let them choose ;
 Yet no true Protestants can aid deny,
 Unless Self-Interest give their Souls the lye.
 Then rouse, *Brave Prince*, assure your self that we
 In all designs victorious will be.
 The great Temptations that we do endure,
 May drive us to so desperate a Cure ;
 We're Banish'd, Broke, of all our Friends depriv'd,
 Of Wives and Children too : And now arriv'd
 In a strange Country, of another Tongue,
 Ere we'll live so, our Foes shall eat their dung : [*in great Passion.*

We'll

We'll unthrone Kings, the Popish Priests o'rethrow,
And make the Pope himself subjection know.
We'll drown *Candaule*, in a Scarlet Flood,
I'll dy my Sword in *Babylonian* Blood.
I long until I land on *Albion's* Shore,
To raise a Tempest of Blood, Wounds, and Gore.

Flav. Doubt not your success but put all your trust
In Providence, and in a Cause so just.
I'll preach and pray the Heavens to influence
Your Expedition, and be your defence.
I will stir up all Protestants to fight
For you, who strives to keep them in their right.
I'll raise my voice above the beat of Drum,
And whether Men will or not, I'll make them come.

Ingen. Hold Gentlemen, I am not of your mind,
You waste your courage in a cloud of Wind.
Romanus now is *Albion's* great defence;
Who covers all his projects with Pretence:
And Tongues of popish Princes are set out
With guiled words, but poyson'd at the Root:
His Subjects will believe him for a while,
And all accost him with a grateful Smile;
But e're a year go round, they'll find that he
Will prove perfidious, false like Popery.
Then all Religious Subjects will combine
To bring you home, and forward your design.
Therefore forbear, distractions to prevent,
And live another Year in Banishment.

Infert. 'Tis strange to see Men of politick wit
Nibble at all, and yet at nothing hit;
'Tis not observable what any says,
As long's a Council drives contrary ways.
Call in some *Conjuror*, that I may know
If we shall *Albion's* Monarch overthrow.

*Enter Conjuror, in a prodigious dress, and with a formidable aspect,
staring Infortunatus in the Face.*

Conjur. Great Prince, I am come here, at your command,
To answer you whatever you demand.

Infert. Tell me (thou Son of Satan) if I shall,
By force of Arms, make *Albion's* Monarch fall?

Conjur:

The Banish'd Duke.

Conjur. Leo ascends, and looks unto the Moon, After he had look-
He roars and threatens to pull *Taurus* down: ed on an *Almanack*
And so I know, by this, your Planet's good: or *Conjuring Book*.
You'll conquer *Albion* without shedding Blood.

Infort. This *Astronomick Fool* Nonsense doth prate,
But cannot tell our Fortunes, nor our Fate.
Old *Antoninus* could discover more
Than all th' *Enchanters* of the *Scarlet Whore*.
Canst thou not in the twinkling of an Eye
Bring here the Ghost of old *Calastrophy*?

Conjur. ——— I'll try.

The *Conjuror* goes under a Hanging, and maketh an hideous noise
through a Reed or speaking Trumpet, in these or such Words.

Rabbi David Eliazer, cumq; Nicolosa Ainsamor,
minus, absumus, abchaos, abdemor Gorgon.

Enter Ghost in a White Shroud.

Infort. Advance pale Ghost, that's in a Surplice, come
From *Syx*, or *Lethe*, or *Elisum*.

Fill up a Glas of State-Politick Wine; [Taketb up a Drinking
I'll drink my Service to this grim Divine. Glafs.

Old Gentleman, that looks so pale and green,
Good Health to all our Friends where you have been.

Ghost. What wicked Madness doth possess your Brain?
To bring me from my residence again?
In Life you brought in danger my gray Head,
Now you molest me after I am dead.

Infort. Hold, hold, Old Man; And why a Wheedler still?
I'll make you serve me now against your Will:

I'm half a Monarch, and desire to know,
If I shall King *Romanus* overthrow.
My Father's Dead, and he doth wear his Crown,
A Popish Prince, therefore would pull him down.

Ghost. Are there no Men alive could let you know,
If your Designs would take effect or no?

Go, go, and prosper, whilst your Head is hot,
Though all will prove but like the former Plot;
Yet in a few days space you shall with me,
In silent Grave, a Residenter be.

Flav. Old Friend, Why dost thou thus possess our Ears,
With Ghostly Maggots, Jealousies, and Fears?

As

The Banish'd Duke

3

As tho' we knew not what and how to do,
In great Exploits of War as well as you.
He is invited o'r with sighs and smiles,
By all the People within *Albion's* Isles,
And is assur'd, as soon's he comes to Land,
To have both Gold and Money at command.
There have been several Messengers here sent
For him, the Kingdom's ruine to prevent ;
For Popish Kings serve but to ruine Nations ;
'They keep no Word for Mental Reservations.
Let your Prediction then be smooth and good,
Without effusion of a Sea of Blood,
That our great want of Armour now may be,
Supply'd by you, in Magnanimity ;
And we may boldly fight in such a Cause,
Lives, Church and State, Religion, and our Laws.

Ghost. Leave off to talk, for I will speak no more
Of your Design, than I have done before.

Infer. Thou Church-Hobgoblin, Mountebank of State,
Time's Weather-cock, confounder of my Fate,
I thee adjure, by Earth and by the Sea,
And all the dark Intrigues 'twixt thee and me.
By that broad Beard, and by thy Triple Name,
By *Babel's* Whore, and thy immortal Fame,
To tell me if to *Albion* I shall go,
And whether it will prove my overthrow ?

Ghost. Go, go in haste, and Sail the swelling Main,
I'll tell you more when you return again.

Infer. Hence, get thee gone, Impostor of the Age,
And act no more on this inferiour Stage ;
But that I know thou art already Dead,
I would cut off thy old Politick Head. [Draws his Sword and

strikes, whilst the Ghost vanisheth.

Sure I can worst a *Babylonian* E L F, [The Pope of Rome.
When I can frighten thus Grim *Mars* himself.

Enter Messenger from Albion.

Messeng. Brave Prince, I'm come from *Albion* to declare,
That you're reputed there our Lawful Heir ;
And tho' your Uncle doth possess the Crown,
His Subjects do not love him ; pull him down :

C

A

A Roman Catholick who never sticks
 To falsify his Word to Hereticks.
 His Queen's an Empress, and in spite of Fate,
 She'll steer the Helm of Kingdom, Church and State.
 She wears the Royal Breeches, yet must do
 What e're the Pope of Rome commands her to.
 And tho her Crimes and Wickedness abound,
 (To spot the Skies, and Albion confound)
 His Holiness (as all her Priests do tell)
 Can save her Soul, and sing her out of Hell.
 She doth protest and swear by all that's good,
 Taking her Oath in Sacraments of Blood,
 That Albion's Church shall suddenly fall down,
 And kneel before the Pope's great Triple Crown.
 Our Bleeding Nation thus relief defers,
 Whilst Church and State turn your Petitioners.
 We'll rather choose before your feet to fall,
 Than be a Footstool to a Cannibal;
 That Cannibal which in subjection brings,
 All Powers on Earth, Deposing mighty Kings.
 Our case the object of your pity make,
 Since we, and all we have, do lie at stake.
 Come o'r then, come, let not your Heart be faint,
 You neither shall for Men nor Money want.
 Ne'r fear your Fate, nor what Rome's rage can do,
 We serve our selves in standing close to you;
 You still have been the object of our eye,
 Our confidence whereon we do rely.
 Now Peers and People solemnly do vow,
 To rise and fall, to live and dye with you;
 Yea, *Nodnot*-City, can and will alone,
 Secure your Right, and set you on the Throne:

Insfort. My Fleet is Rigg'd, I'll quickly go to Sea,
 This Sword of mine shall set three Nations free.

Ingen. Forbear, brave Sir, for what wise Prince relies,
 Without assurance, on uncertainties?
 Great Words, blown up with promises of Air,
 Delude the Mind, but vanish in Despair.
 Should you but go to Albion, and then find
 Your expectation blasted by the Wind,
 You would your self undo, three Nations bring
 In greater Slavery to a Popish King.

Insfort.

The Banish'd Duke.

II

Infort. If you prate more, this Sword shall run you thorow,
But all prepare to go on Board to morrow. [Exeunt omnes.]

The S C E N E *Petrus Impostor's Chamber.*

*Enter Petrus Impostor, in a Ghostly Popish Dress, with Formosa, a
Profelite Popish Maid.*

Formos. My Ghostly Father, I'm come to confess
My Youthful Sins, and Wanton Wickedness.

Petr. Come let us have near converse with another,

[*He proffereth to take her under the Hanging;*
And then I'll pardon all your sins together.

Formos. I keep my Lent, and justly can deny,
With Ghostly Fathers in a Bed to lye.

Petr. Then let me —————

So small a matter will not turn you Whore.

Formos. It is a Sin. *Petr.* It is no sin at all,
For Fornication is but Venial.

But know you not that I can Pardon Sin ?

Formos. 'Tis not the right way that you do begin

Petr. If you be so strait-lac'd, and will not do,
I'll have ten pound for Pardoning of you.

Formos. Than be a Whore, I'll twenty pay in Gold :
But how can Pardons thus be bought and sold ?

Petr. I am a Journey-man, and 'tis my Trade
To spend my Lungs to gain my Daily Bread ;
But, if you love your self, with speed, confess
Your Mortal Sins, and all your Wickedness.

[*She muttereth and confesseth.*

Petr. O these are heinous sins, and there is none
That can forgive them, but the Pope alone.

Formos. What can be done then, in so great a strait,
Since to confess my sins is now too late ?

Petr. The Queen of Heaven doth hang upon this Pin,

[*Pointing at the Virgin Mary's Picture.*

And with a wink can pardon all your Sin.

If she a tear drop from her gracious eye,

You're happy then to all Eternity ;

If not, you are undone, then go and Pray,

And Ave-Maries to our Lady say.

*She muttereth and maketh Mouths on the V. Maries Picture, whilst
he goeth behind the Hanging, and squirteth water through his
Eye, which she perceiveth, and in passion, sayeth,*

The Banish'd Duke.

Formos. Can this your *Holy Church* commit such things,
 That doth Depose and set up Mighty Kings?
 Is this one of the Miracles of *Rome*,
 That to the World gives Laws and passeth Doom?
 If this be your Religion, I will choose,
 Rather than be of it, my life to lose.
 Farewel, Fare-ill, Impostor, I'll be gone;
 Of Profelited *Papists* I'll be none. [*He proffereth to detain her,*
but she will not. Exit, he following.

A C T I I

The SCENE Limia, a Town, in the West of Albion.

Enter Infortunatus, with his Forces from Sea, in a Gorgeous Scarlet Garb, and a Feather in his Hat.

Infort. **N**OW we are past the dangers of the Main,
 And safe arriv'd to *Albion* again:
 Now is the time of Honour and Renown,
 Then have at all, my Head against a Crown.
 And tho' my present Forces be but small
 My Valours great, and I shall Conquer all;
 Go then provide Men, Ammunition, Arms,
 Surprize this sleeping *Island* with Alarms.
 Let Trumpets sound, Drums beat, and Cannons roar,
 To tell the Kingdom that I'm come ashore;
 And set my Standard up, that I may know
 Who'll come or stay; who's Friend, and who is Foe.

Belg. We have no Standards, they were lost at Sea,
 With all the Train of our Artillery.

Infort. That's bad indeed. *Ferdin.* But we may quickly take
 Some Lady's Petticoat, and Colours make.

Ingen. Sure, from that Standard, we shall never fly,
 Whilst *Mars* and *Venus* are before our eye.

Enter

Enter Richardus and Rogerus, in a Country Dress, leading Penelope a Country Maid, wearing a Scarlet Petticoat, gazing on Infortunatus.

Infort. What people's those who boldly do intrude,
Within the Limits of my Latitude?

Roger. We, and this Maid, are only come to see
Your Grace, and wish you all prosperity.

Infort. I thought that you in my designs did pry,
And might surprize me with some Treachery.

Penelop. I am a Maid, and have respect for you,
And if a Man, would gladly serve you too.

Infort. Fair Nymph, I have a suit, deny me not,
Lend me a while your Scarlet Petticoat ;
And when the Wars are o'r, I'll do to you,
A greater favour, and requite you too.

Penelop. I'll give you it, the Complement's but small,
If you will have my Gown you likewise shall.

[Giveth her Scarlet Petticoat to Ferdinando.]

Ferd. To think of Maids now is a deadly crime,
But may accost you at another time.

Enter Mayor with a Mace carried before him, Guarded by the Constable and his Long Staff.

Mayor. Great Mighty Prince, we heard you was come o'r,
From *Belgium*, and Landed on our Shore ;
Therefore we're humbly come, that we may do
You humble service, and attend you too.
Then let us know what is your Sacred Will,
I am the City's Mayor, he Constable.

Infort. Go soon proclaim me *Albion's King*, that I
May it restore again to Liberty ;
(For I'm resolv'd to make all Papists quake,
And rescue Church and State, which lye at stake)
And then invite my Subjects to come in,
To fight with me against the *Man of Sin*.

Mayor. We will proclaim you King, and Forces raise,
And sing *Encomiums* to your worthy praise ;
We'll hazard all we have to fight with you,
Our VVives and Children, Lives and Fortunes too :

And

The Banished Duke.

And we'll extol your Valour, if you dye,
VVith *Monuments* of Magnanimity. [*Exeunt Mayor and Constab.*]

*The Trumpet soundeth without, Infortunatus is proclaimed King,
with several Huzza's and Plaudities.*

Infant. I'm *Albion's King*, and would, at first, embrace
My Loving Subjects by my *Acts of Grace*.

I'd rather they should love me for my Good,
Than fear and tremble for my shedding Blood.
And fair *Nymph*, if you have a friend or two,
But bring them here, I'll Knight them both for you.

[*Pointeth at Penelope, and Exit.*]

Penel. You *Dick* and *Roger*, objects of my love,
Respect to you, my passion now doth move :
I'll beg the King to Knight you for my sake,
And afterwards both Officers to make.

Richard. I am as much a Knight as he is King,
Till he this Nation to Subjection bring :
But if he'll Knight, and give me an Estate,
I'll love and serve him then, at any rate ;
But till he give me fifty pounds *per annum*,
I'll rather hold the Plough, and serve my *Grannum*.

Rog. I'll have no Honour, for a Landless Knight,
Is like a *Lanthorn* that can give no light :
I'll rather drive my Cart, and be invited
To fare that's course and mean, than so be slighted,
For Gentlemen, who have not, must not work
For Honour's sake, but fight against the Turk.

Pene. *Roger* if you'll not Knighted be, I vow
I'll neither love nor marry'd be to you ;
But if you'll Knighted be, we'll quickly wed,
And both (in State) go to our Marriage-Bed :
Whilst we're advanc'd above our Pedegree,
I shall be MADAM, you HIS HONOUR be.

Rog. Rather than lose my *Love*, I'll bid good night
To Cart and Plough, and turn a begging Knight.

Pen. Your Honour will afford you every thing,
And we'll live great in presence of a King.

Enter Infortunatus.

Infort. What is the Reason of so long a stay?
We do but trifle here our time away.

Pen. Great Sir, these are my Friends, whom here I bring,
To be advanc'd to Knighthood by their KING.
This is my *Sweet-heart*, and that is my *Brother*; *Pointeth at Ro-*
Altho we do not favour one another. *ger & Richard.*

Infort. *Madam*, I will do any thing for you,
I'll give them Honour and Preferment too.

ROGER *kisseth the Kings band, falleth on his Knee, and is*
Knighted by King INFORTUNATUS.

Infort. Rise up Sir Roger, Henceforth ever be
A Knight of Honour, Loyal unto me.
And when I'm settl'd on my Royal Throne,
You of my Privy Council shall be one.

Rog. I'll prove a Loyal Subject till I dye,
I'll fight with Courage for your Majesty.

Infort. A country Clown, if Knighted, may advance
As far in Battle as the King of *France*.
Take here this Hat, and Coat, laid o're with Gold,
And prove a warlike Champion, brisk and bold,
That I may be convinced that there can
Be Courage in a Clown and country-man:
As for your Friend, if he will draw but nigh,
With equal Honour, I'll him dignify.

Rich. I'll be no Knight, I'll rather Chimneys sweep,
If I work hard, at night I'll soundly sleep,
I'll rather be contented in my mind,
Than be a *Knight*, and go beyond my Kind;
For Knights, without a competent Estate,
Must learn to beg, and curse their rigid Fate.

Infort. Base Slave, dost thou my Favours thus deny?
And all my Royal proffers vilify?
But that thou art so much a Fop and Clown,
This Sword of Honour should dispatch thee soon.
No prudent Prince can think, in any case,
To gain a Rebel by an *Act of Grace*.
Hence then *Impostor*, from my presence fly,
Lest than the shadow of *Nonentity*.

Exit Richardus.

Ferdinand.

The Banish'd Duke.

Ferdin. Great Sir, your Army waiteth till you come, *[Trumpet sounds,*
I hear the Trumpets sound, and beat of Drum.
and Drums beat without.

Infort. We'll march with all our Military Force,
We'll muster every man, both Foot and Horie. *Exeunt.*

The SCENE Alba Aula Regalis, King Romanus's Palace.

*Enter King Romanus, with his Privy Counsellours Alberlo,
Cancellarius, Petrus, Manlius, Calamus.*

Roman. You are my Privy Counsellors, and I
Am your bright Sun of *Sovereign Majesty*;
You are *Great Britain's* Wife and Watch-men now,
And under me the Kingdom's safeguard too.
Now I intend, if I possess my Crown,
To pull all Protestants in *Albion* down;
Then give me Counsel, that is grave and wise,
To prosecute so brave an enterprize.

Petr. Command all *English* Hereticks to turn,
And such as will not, I will-cause to burn;
We cannot think their ruin to prevent,
Who never eat God in the Sacrament.

Calam. Hold, base Impostor, thou dost boldly lye,
No man can make a Blessed Deity :
For God's but One, from all Eternity. }

Petr. How *Q— W—* dost thou think that a Crime?
I have made I wenty thousand in my time,
And, as some Creatures their own Brood do eat,
I have devour'd them up like other meat.

Calam. Blasphemous wretch, depriv'd of all that's good,
That dost pretend to eat such Flesh and Blood.
Confunder of the Kingdom, and that's worse,
Of Christendom the blemish, stain, and curse;
Perswade not thus thy Prince to any thing,
That will him quickly to subjection bring.
No King, nor Court e're peaceable will be,
That is frequented by such Ghosts as thee.

Rom. Did we come here to hector, scold or dance?
Or speak of things of greater importance?
Be silent then, and be contented so;
Or else I'll make you both to prison go.

But

But Calamegive Councel if you can,
Since you are known to be a Subtile man.

Calam. If you would have the *Church of Albion* fall,
Grant Liberty of Conscience to all.

Then when Lord *Bishop, Jack*, and others fight,
The *Pope of Rome* comes in to plead his Right,
And then the weakest side will, out of doubt,
Joyn with the party that can bear it out.

Thus all your Clergy-men like Fox and Geese,
Will rather driven be, than lose their Fleece.

Pet. The *Church of Albion* is but near a Kin
To Mother Church, which they call *Man of Sin*.
Therefore it will be found an easy, thing,
The Daughter with the Mother yet to bring
In favour ; that the Romish Clergy may
Stop from the World, all means to read and pray.

Canc. You are mistaken, *Sir*, there are great odds,
'Twixt *Englands Church*, and Popish Wooden-Gods,
As in those Controversies which we know,
You are run down, and daily find it so.

Cal. You speak it all, for Priests can swear and vow,
And Hector out, how much they'll act and do ;
But if they will accomplish their desire,
It must not be by Learning, but by Fire.

Pet. You're but the Spawn of Papists, and the Brood
Of *Jesuits*, that now would suck your Blood ;
They sent you out, at first, to make a Rent
In *Albion*, without *Word* or *Sacrament*.
Thus your Religion is a Popish Lye,
Grown up and swaddled in State-policy,
Hood-wink'd, a Pilgrim of Apostacy.

Cal. Thou wicked Monster of the *Man of Sin*,
Compar't with me that's Lucify'd within ?
Religion must to Loyalty submit,
And Conscience give preheminance to Wit :
I would discover else thy Popish Mass,
And then make bare the Romish Nakedness.

Enter Messenger in haste.

Mess. Frighted with warlike noise and beat of Drum,
I from the West of *Albion* am come,

D

To

To tell your Majesty an horrid plot,
 Deep, dangerous, and super-treason, hot.
 Which Duke *Infortunatus*, in a Cell,
 In shady Groves, and Dungeons dark as Hell,
 Hath long contriv'd, and's likely to undo
 The *Roman* Interest, and your *Greatness* too.
 He's come from *Belgium*, landed on our shore,
 With all the Grandeur that he had before.
 The Forces were but few which he did bring,
 Now he's grown Great, and is proclaimed King :
 He values not your Guards (he says) a pin ;
 Whilst Volunteers, in Companies, come in.

Rom. And are you sure he's landed on our Shore ?

Mess. I saw himself, and heard his Cannons roar :
 The Drums did beat, the Trumpets made a sound,
 As if they would the Universe confound,
 He in a printed paper doth declare,
 Altho' a Bastard, that he's *Albion's* Heir :
 And speaketh more disgracefully of you,
 Concerning *Subdus* and *Fraternus* too.

Rom. I kick'd the Bastard once quite out of doors,
 Made him as low as other Sons of VVhores :
 Now he's return'd to pull his Unkle down,
 To wrestle with me once more for the Crown.
 I value not the Venom of his Gall,
 But hope in time to make the Traitour fall.

Alb. How can he term himself the lawful Heir,
 Of *Albion* ? whilst his Father did declare,
 Before his Death, that he had never been
 Wedded to any but his present Queen.

Alb. Great Sir, then grant me Liberty to go
 To oppose his Force, and prove his mortal Foe.

Rom. When *Albion* once before was in distress,
 Your Father did restore its Happiness :
 Now I'll intrust his Son to save that Crown
 From him who strives t'Eclipse and pull it down.
 Take all my Foot-guard-Forces, great and small,
 Along with you, and be their General.
 Confine the swelling multitude, till I,
 In Horse and Foot, afford you more supply.
 I'll send you *Gallus*, *Thorpius*, and *Stirk*,
 And these three Champions will do the work ;

VVith them I'll send ten thousand Men in arms,
To fright the Rebels with their fresh Alarms.

*Alber. Great Sir, I'll prove Magnanimous and true,
And Loyal; as my Father was to you :
If kill'd, I'll bid your Majesty adieu.*

[Exit *Alberlo.* }

Enter Papissa, in Passion.

Pap. Infortunatus now return'd again?
I take both Name and Person in disdain :
Shall he a Bastard born, an empty Clown,
Be Heir to France and wear Great Albions Crown?
Base born, ill bred, and base till in his Tomb ;
Base as his Mothers ~~mother~~ *stinking womb.*

How can he for a Lawful Right now plead?
Cast, Out-Law'd, and condemn'd to lose his Head.

I can out of this Pillow which you see [*She pulleth a Pillow*
Produce a Royal Prince as good as he *from under her Gown*
Which may as soon, by Transubstantiation, & throweth it a-
Be made his Highness, in this fruitful Nation. *mong them.*

Man. Rather than he shall wear Great Albion's Crown,
I'll burn my Surplice, and throw by my Gown,
Renounce the Clergy, cut the Church asunder,
And turn *Bonarges*, or a Son of Thunder :
Tho old, I'll be a Gospel-Granadeer,
And roar in smoak, like *Babels* Cannoneer.
I, with the carnal Sword, my Flock shall feed ;
And preach such Doctrine, as shall make them bleed :
Whilst every word, Granado-like, shall smell
Of Fire and Brimstone, that came up from Hell.

Calam. Don Ferdinando, that's cunning in deceit,
Declar'd a Rebel both to Church and State,
Is with th' Usurper, and commands his Horse ;
And bears the rule of all his warlike Force :
Send him a Pardon of his former crimes,
Committed now, and at all other times,
He will betray the Traitor, with these few
Deluded *Myrmidons*, that trouble you :
Thus you will save much blood from being spilt,
Until you hang the Rebels for their Guilt.

Rom. I do approve your Council, and I'll go
With speed, and serve the Grand Usurper so.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The SCENE Infortunatus's Quarters.

Enter Infortunatus, Ferdinando, Flavius, and Ingeniofo.

Infor. I've call'd you here in hafte, to know if I
Shall ftill go on, or my design lay by.
You fee thofe Peers and Nobles that did vow
To aid me with their Lives and Money too,
Have prov'd perfidious, been but Traps and Snares,
'To draw me in a *Labyrinth* of Cares.
If I fly back again to whence I came,
The *Roman* rage will flourish to a flame ;
If I refolve the Romanifts to fight,
And fhould be beat, and put unto the flight,
Then all thofe poor men now that follow me,
To Queen *Papiffa* facrific'd will be.
Alberlo rampant to refift me's come,
With men well disciplin'd by beat Drum :
Whilst all my Forces (plainly to confefs)
Are raw, unarm'd, and I am moneylefs.
From sorrow's Scene I do contemplate now
What bafe deceitful people's brought me to.

Ferd. Are you (who was the Champion of the Nation,
The Kingdom's Boaft, and *Europe's* Admiration,
Whofe warlike Sword made *Germany* to bleed,
And all King *David's* worthies did exceed)
Sofoon caft down ? and thus compell'd to be
Void of your wonted Magnanimity ?
This Sword of mine, with irrefiftlefs blows,
Shall gain the day, and diffipate our Foes.

Ferg. A man's but one, and every Mufket Ball,
If fhoot with care, can make a Captain fall.
But there's no fear but we fhall gain the Day,
If you'll prove true, and do half what you fay.

Ingen. You with *Alberlo* once was fworn Brother,
To aid, to live and die with one another ;
Now is the time to try if he'll be true,
By bringing all his Forces o're to you.
Send him a Letter then, and I fhall find
A way to fend it, and to pump his mind.

Infor.

Infant. What you do say I greatly do approve
I'll mind *Alberio* of his former love.

Ferd. I'll write a more than pressing Letter too,
To see what Wit and Loyalty can do.

Infant. With speed and care then write as I command,
And I to what you write will put my hand. *Exit Ferdinando.*

Enter Belgicus

Belg. I came to tell your Majesty that I
Have fought a Party of the Enemy.
We went to forrage in a little Town,
And from our Horses as we lighted down,
Some Rebels rampant came in great disdain,
But run the Gantlet backward through the Lane.
We were but sixty, and they eighty strong,
The brush was hot, but scarce an half hour long :
We killed Six, and they to us one man,
Then valiantly with whip and spur they ran.

Infant. The News is good, may it be ever so
Until I work *Romanus* overthrow :
But soon return unto the Camp, and I
Will keep in mind your Magnanimity.

Exit Belgicus.

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferd. I've written a Letter of transcendent sense,
As rich in Loyalty as Eloquence :
Great Sir, be pleas'd, but once to read it o're,
And then, as you think fit, make less or more.

Infortunatus reads the Letter.

Entirely Belov'd Cousin,

*The Experience of your former Respects prompts me, at present,
to write to you with the greater assurance of your Loving Acceptance,
and put you in Remembrance of our former favours, upon the account
of which, I earnestly request you (for the respect you owe to Church
and State, and the particular Interest of every honest man) to assist
me with your best advice, how to behave my self in so great an Under-
taking, and to come over and joyn your Forces with ours ; that we
may settle every thing on a right Base, and the Kingdom may be
freed from the vengeance of Popery, which hangeth over the Head of
these*

The Banished Duke.

these three Languishing Nations. Which if you will be pleased to do, you will not only make your self Famous to all succeeding Ages, in rescuing this Nation from the flaming rage of Popery; but also promote your self above the power and revenge of your greatest Enemies, and infinitely oblige me to be

Your Everlasting Friend, &c.

Infors. With speed and privacy, as I command, [To Ingenioso. Convey this Letter to *Alberlo's* hand:

If he will grant me what I now require,
I'll grant in Greatness what he can desire.

Ferd. Send likewise this, wherein with deepest sense,
I do accost his Grace, and Excellence:

Perswading him to joyn both Foot and Horse,
To our Religious Military Force:

If he my earnest suit slight or deny,

This Sword of mine shall make *Alberlo* dye. *Exit Ferdin.*

Ingen. I'll send them both in haste, and none shall know
From whence they come, or whether they do go.

Flav. I'm jealous of what *Ferdinando* said;
Pray let his Letter be in publick read.

Infors. Then quickly read it o're, that I may know
If he will prove a counterfeit or no.

Flavius breaketh open, and readeth the Letter.

May it please your Excellence,

I thought it convenient to accost, and humbly acquaint you with the condition of King *Infortunatus's* Army; the number whereof is but few, and those badly disciplin'd and arm'd, so that it will be no hard matter to overthrow him and his weak Forces: But if you will perswade King *Romanus* (to whom I owe my Allegiance) to pardon me all my former Crimes, Treasons and Conspiracies, whereof I am guilty, against him and his late Brother, and for which I am cast, outlaw'd, and condemn'd; I will soon crush the power of our new King, and save the Nation the trouble and expence of a bloody War. Therefore (with all speed and privacy) communicate your mind to

Your Excellency's

Faithful Friend, and Humble Servant, &c.

Infors. Is *Ferdinando* (whom, for Truth and Zeal
And mighty words, no Age could parallel)

Become

Become a Rogue? and turn'd my mortal Foe?
 Who's been my Sharer both in Weal and Woe.
 Go bring him back; for this perfidious Plot, *Pointeth at Ingen.*
 I'll see the Rascal in my presence shot. *Exit Ingenioso.*

Flav. In whom can Kings put confidence? since he,
 Pretending to so much Fidelity,
 Brought to the Test, is found a timorous Slave,
 A Timist, Traytor, and a Turn-Coat Knave?

Infort. His Death shall to succeeding Ages be
 Esteem'd a Monument of Treachery.
 That all who curse, with a vindictive hate,
 May wish their Foes to meet with such a Fate.

*Enter Ingenioso with Ferdinando guarded with Souldiers, and
 his hands tyed behind him.*

Infort. Monster of men, thou Judas in disguise,
 Thou Devil vail'd with Perjuries and Lyes;
 Perfidious wretch, how durst thou once design
 Me to betray, and ruin all that's mine?
 I never thought thee ill, but ever good,
 And in thy quarrel oft-times spent my Blood;
 And dost thou thus requite me, who for thee,
 Have run such hazards, both by Land and Sea?
 Come tye him to the Stake, and let him know
 The fury of a Friend turn'd to a Foe:
 I'll see him shot to death, that Traytors all
 May take example from his Tragick fall.

*Two Souldiers tye him, and make ready their
 Muskets to shoot him.*

Ferd. Mercy, O mercy, I for mercy cry,
 You need no shots here, I for fear shall dye.

Infort. Forbear awhile, your Muskets both lay by,
 Until we hear the Traytors Legacy.

The Souldiers lay by their Muskets.

Ferd. Some pity on me for your Goodness take,
 Forgive me for my Wife and Childrens sake:
 I swear by all that's good, I'll prove to you,
 Henceforth, a Subject faithful, good and true.
 This is the first beginning of your Reign;
 Stain not your hands with this poor blood of mine:

I have.

I have been still partaker of your losses,
And born the burden of your Royal crosses :
Now let your Candour and your Innocence
Blot out my crime, and cover my offence.

Infant. I know you have been sharer in my Fate,
Also the object of my Uncle's hate :
But how could you like *Judas* go astray,
And proffer me so-basely to betray ?
To Popish hands that ne're did *Albion* good,
But lov'd to shed and suck the Subjects Blood.

Ferd. This is the first time that I went astray,
Yet never did intend you to betray :
I with *Alberlo* seemingly combin'd,
Only to know the secrets of his mind ;
Which suddenly I would have brought to you,
To be resolv'd the better what do.

Infant. That's more indeed, than hitherto I knew.

Ferd. You may believe what I affirm is true :

Infant. Then loose my *Ferdinando* ; let him be
A faithful Friend and Councillour to me.

Flav. Where is the Sword of Justice ? such a King
Is like a Honey-Bee without a Sting.
I'd seldom save a Law-Condemed Man,
For sure the Rogue will hang me if he can.

Enter *Belgians*.

Belg. *Alberlo's* Men are quartered here hard by ;
By Two's and Threes, in Villages they lye.
Come, let us go, in silence of the Night,
We'll either kill, or put them all to Flight.

Infant. Your News is good, and your Advice is better,
Than all the Wit in *Ferdinando's* Letter.
I ne'r was bred a Coward, nor can kill
Poor Men asleep, that never did me ill.

Belg. There is another thing that we may do ;
(For Souldiers should be Wise and Valiant too)
We may surprize them in their Beds asleep,
And afterwards them in close Prison keep,
As Hostages ; which may, in time, augment
Our Number ; and our Enemies prevent
From being cruel, 'gainst our men, which they
May Captives take, and in their fury slay.

Flav.

Flav. In policy it were a deadly a crime,
To slip th' occasion of so fit a time,
Wherein we may our Enemies o'come,
Without the noise of Trumpet or of Drum.

Inge. Then let us go, and with a Warlike Slight,
Confound our Foes, which rob us of our Right.
'Tis fitter we them sleeping Captives take,
Than that they Hang us up when we're awake.

Ferd. I will not condescend to any thing,
That stains the Reputation of my King ;
It is below *His Majesty* to be
Tainted with such Pusillanimity.

We'll fight them fairly in the open field ;
For, on our side, I'm sure no man will yield.

Infors. Let it be so, your counsel I advance ;
I'll let them see some stratagems of *France* :
I'll shew them Conduct both and Courage too,
And what Great Spirits, if provok'd, can do.

Exeunt Infortunatus, Belgicus, and Flavius.

Ingen. Thou wicked wretch, that dost contrive our fall, To *Ferd.*

Thy cruel counsel will undo us all :

Thy heart doth always give thy tongue the lye ;

Thou'rt void of Courage, Wit, and Honesty.

Come, draw that bloody Sword, wherewith you boast

To Conquer all, and kill *Alberlo's* Host :

I'll try your Valour, tho' you seem to be

A Great *Goliath* in respect of me.

Ferd. I'll neither fight, nor yet contrive your fall,
But find a way how to outwit you all.

Ingen. Pretending Coward, bane of Church and State,
Because thou wilt not fight, I'll break thy pate :

Striketh

him several blows over the head, till the blood runneth down.

Thou weather-cock, thy base deceitful Head

Will make thy name stink, after thou art dead.

Ferdin. Murder, O murder, hold your Sword, else I
Shall be uncivil, and for fear will dye.

Enter Infortunatus and Belgicus in haste.

Infors. What noise was this I heard ?

Ingen. No noise at all,

My Friend did only act the General.

Enter Messenger from Alberlo.

Messeng. Here I am from *Alberlo* come to bring
A Letter to your late Proclaimed King.

Infant. Come hither then, for I am he whom you
Receiv'd command to give the Letter too.

He takes and readeth the Letter,

*Since you are but an Ape of Majesty, I know not by what Title to
accost you, being neither King nor Subject: But in short, notwith-
standing all our former ties of Friendship, I will not be induced to
betray my Trust, and undervalue that Confidence which King Ro-
manus hath placed in me; neither is it proper for me (tho it were not
too late) to give you any advice, but it had been better for you to have
staid where you was, than to have come over here to put the Na-
tion both to expence and trouble, and work your own overthrow, with
the ruin of those poor Men who have joined with you in so desperate an
Adventure; who will be reputed and suffer as Traitors, for prosecu-
ting your Treasonable Designs, which really is both the grief and re-
gret of*

Your once real Friend, &c.

Infant. And doth *Alberlo* thus requite me now,
For all my service done and favours too?

I was his Friend still in my Father's time,
To fight now for three Kingdoms is a crime.
I'll make him feel my Rage, and likewise know,
That hence I'll prove his everlasting Foe.

I'll give him Battle soon, in open field,
And make him feel the Sword that ne'r did yield.

Go tell your Master, in *Segeia* plain, [To the Messenger
I'll give him Battel, tho I should be slain:

To morrow morning, ere it be high noon,
I'll gain or lose great *Albiens* Royal Crown.

Go *Ferdinando*, muster all our Force,
I shall command the Foot, and you the Horse.

Ferdin. I'm set on edge to hear *Alberlo* boast,
He talks as we were ruined and lost:

His sawcy Letter either tear or burn, [Exeunt *Infant. Belgicus,*
In clouds of smoak we'll send him a return. *and Flavius.*

Messeng. Are you *Dow Ferdinando*?

Ferdin. I am the Man. *Messeng.* Then I have here to you,
A Letter, and a private Paper too,

I brought them from *Alberlo* in my Shooe.

[Takes the Letter out of his Shooe.

Ferdinando

Ferdinando taketh the Letter, and private Paper, and readeth
them in haste, and then speaketh to the Messenger.

Ferdin. Go quickly, tell your Master that I'm still
His real Friend, and will obey his will.
Let him draw up his Forces one, and all,
And meet us, tho his army should be small.
I can find out a Thousand pretty things,
That will undo and ruin Petty Kings.
I will do more, not by my Sword but Wit,
Than I to Ink and Paper will commit.
Only go tell *Alberlo* that I will,
Prove his true Friend, and humble Servant still. *Exit Messen:*

The SCENE Alberlo's Quarters.

Enter Alberlo, and Manlius.

Alber. I'm vext that King *Infortunatus* thought
That I for Gold, or Greatness would be bought.
I value not Promotion, whilst I
Am Great enough, unstain'd in Loyalty.
And tho Religion now doth lye at stake,
I'll take no notice, for *Romanus* sake.

Man. By *George*, and by this Py-bald coat of mine. *His Surplefs.*
I rather be a Duke, than a Divine.
You're great enough, indeed, but by my Miter,
I'll prove, in time of War, as good a fighter.

Alb. You're a couragious Rampant Church-man here,
And will on Service fight but in the Rear;
And scold at distance, as a Cannoneer.

Enter Messenger in haste.

Mess. I've done your message, and in haste do bring,
You back another from the start-up King,
To morrow morning, ere it be high Noon,
He'll give you Battle, gain or lose his Crown.
His Forces are but few, all torn and rent,
Ill disciplin'd, his Ammunition's spent.
But he speaks Great, and will, unless he lye,
Romanus power, and all his force defy;
And make your Army like the Dust to fly.

Alb. But what did old Don Fernando say?

Mess. He vows, that he his Master will betray.

Alber. May he prove true to me, false to his King.

Manl. A Traytor is a necessary thing.

But once a Knave, Rogue, and a great Trapan,
Can ne're be trusted, like an honest man.

Alber. If he be Rogue enough, I will him bring,
Once more in Favour with *Romanus* King.

And if his Treason take a good Effect,

I from the Hangman's hands shall save his neck.

But will to morrow, e're it be quite light,

Have all my men in readiness to fight.

ACT III

The SCENE Segeia Plain.

Enter Infortunatus, with Officers and Souldiers, and draw up in one side of the Scene, in Battle array, Armed and ready to fight, Drums beating, Trumpets sounding, &c. every one having a small green Bough for a Sign.

Infort. **N**OW Brother Souldiers, let us rather dye
Upon the spot, than from our Standard fly.
I fight my Head against a Royal Crown;
You fight for Greatness, Honour and Renown,
Since time began, ne're was a juster cause;
Than Lives, Religion, Liberty and Laws;
We fight for Heaven, our Kingdom, Church and State,
Submitting all we have to Divine Fate.
Better we stand, and gain the Victory,
Than run, and by the Hands of Papists dye,
Even those, who to accomplish their Desire,
Did burn our Ancestors in *Smithfield* Fire.
Then let us fight with Courage, Heart and Hand,
And none give ore whilst he hath strength to stand.

*Enter Alberlo with his Forces, and draw up against Infortunatus's:
every one having a white Handkerchief in his Hat, for a Sign.*

Alber. Now Gentlemen, you see your fatal Doom,
Either to dye, or gain the cause of Rome,

The

The Pope, your King *Romanus*, and his Queen
(As good a *Roman* Saint as e're was seen)
Will lose their Right, both to our Church and State,
And be the Object of the Nations hate.
Rome's cause is lame (I cannot well deny)
But what it wants, in Money, we'll supply.
Then, with a brazen Confidence, out-do
Those men, who (if not slain) will conquer you.

Since whole Files will be troublesome and inconvenient, and several Advancings, Firings, and Fallings back, but superfluous, three in a File (the Muskets lin'd with Pikes) may be enough to shew an Emblem of War, and demonstrate, to the curious Spectators, the result of a bloody Fight.

Infortun. and *Alberlo.* Make ready. *Both at close Order.*
Kneel, stoop, and stand.
Present.
Give Fire. *They on both sides flash their Pans.*
Recover your Arms.
Fall on, fall on, fall on.

Here the Souldiers on both sides club their Muskets, and present their Pikes, and come to a close Fight. Flavius and Manlius, two warlike Divines, firing the Cannon. Whilst Infortunatus driveth all before him. Romanus's Guards give ground, whilst others come in to assist them. The Body of Infortunatus's Army, after a sharp dispute, is broke, several being killed.

Infert. Where is decies *Adinando* now?
A Rogue, a Coward, and Perfidious too.
Infortunatus with his Forces, being beat, marcheth off, making good the Rear: Whilst Alberlo pursueth.

The S C E N E *Alba Aula Regalis.*

Enter Romanus, Cancellarius, Calamus.

Rom. I long to hear what news we've from the West,
I must raise men and send them there in haste:
I hear *Alberlo's* beat, and all his Force
Is put unto the rout, both Foot and Horse.

Calam. If it be so, the News will quickly fly,
But I suppose the Rumour's but a Lye,
May it prove so, else I shall quickly dye.

Enter Messenger in Haste.

Mess. Great Sir, the Deed is done, the worst is past;
We have o'recome your Enemies at last.
That *Myrmidonian* Crew is brought to nought,
Which your Undoing and Confusion sought.

Rom. And is it so indeed? *Mess.* Yes truly so.

Rom. And what's become of my late Mortal Foe.

Mess. He's fled, but where he is, there's none doth know.

Rom. Tho' he be fled, he shall be quickly found,
Dead or alive, if he be on the ground;
And he that finds him have five thousand pound.
But for your News, which you have brought me now,
I will requite, and likewise Knight you too.

[Both rewardeth
and Knighteth him.]

Enter Manlius.

Manl. Great Sir, I'm come in haste, the News to bring,
That we have beat, and took the *Western King*,
With *Ferdinando*, he in haste did fly
Into a Field, where both asleep did lye,
Where they were found, secur'd and will be here.

Rom. Your News was always welcome to mine ear.
Their Lives are forfeit, they're already Dead;
And King *Infornate*, shall lose his Head.

Manl. Don *Ferdinando* did your Foes betray,
Through his Deceit *Alberlo* gain'd the day.

Roman. Then let the Guard that brings the Traytors in,
Let him escape, a Monument of Sin.
But how behav'd my Souldiers?

Manl. Such Men as they no Age could parallel;
How can those equall'd be who all excel?
Yet not the Red alone Exploits can do,
This long Black Gown hath done good service too.
I fir'd the Ordinance, so that downright,
Some were cut off, the rest soon put to flight.

Roman. I shall not be forgetful to requite,
Those Loyalists that serv'd me in the fight;

Enter

Enter Infortunatus Guarded, his hands bound.

Roman. Was't you who lately made the World admire
All your Atchievements? then, huff'd with desire
Of Greatness, 'gainst my Person did conspire?

[*To Infortunatus.*

Was't you who from Mankind such Friendship got?
Great Credit, Fame and Honour, and what not?
Invincible! (for you was termed so)
Tho' now like some mean Beast to th' Ax you go;
Just as the Lark, that flew so high before,
That she fell down, and never rose up more.

Infer. I am the Man that lately was admir'd,
And 'gainst your Popish Person have conspir'd;
Loose but my hands, and you shall quickly see
The last Exploit of Magnanimity.

Roman. I'll see your last breath first, your Person dead,
I'll deal with you when shorter by the head;
Take him away, let him in Prison lye,
Till I appoint the day when he shall dye.

Infer. Thou Popish Prince, think'st thou that ever I
Was daunted? Or that I'm afraid to dye?
I'd rather fall by any Hangmans hand,
Than live a Subject under thy command.

I'll dye with courage, tho' my Death's unjust; } [*The Guards*
Thus the admired *Phoenix* one day must, } *carry him to*
Drop to her Nest, and there turn into Dust. } *Prison.*

Roman. I'm griev'd to see such Spirits, in their prime,
Cut down and drop, before the Harvest time.

I rather he in Battel had been slain,
Than be expos'd now to such disdain:
I gladly could prolong his wretched Life,
Were it not for my importuning Wife.

Calam. Keep him in Prison, and some pity take
Upon his person, for great *Cesar's* sake.

Cancell. A King that pardons such a one as he,
Opens the door to all Conspiracy.
Your Sacred person never will be safe,
If you to him a Pardon do vouchsafe.

Manl. With expedition, order off his Head;
Grant him a Pardon after he is dead.

Enter

Enter two Ladies, who fall on their knees.

Lad. Great Sir, we're come, laden with grief and tears,
To beg admittance to your sacred ears ;
And supplicate your Goodness, that you will
Forbear *Infortunatus* Blood to spill.
The pearl of Mercy is a precious thing,
And much to be desired in a King.
If you grant this, it will renown you more
Than all the Acts of Grace e're done before.
Of all your Subjects you will gain such love,
That never one will hence a Traytor prove.
Roman. What can be done ?

Enter Papissa in passion, with a stern countenance.

Papif. What beg these whining Whores ? *Manl.* They beg the
A suit of wonders, and a monstrous thing : (King
To spare the Traytor, but himself is dead,
If he forgive him, till he lose his Head.

Papif. Be gone you Whores : You both deserve to be
Lash'd at the Cart, and pay a *Bridewell*-fee. *Exeunt Ladies.*
To morrow, e're it be quite Twelve a Clock,
The Traytor's Head shall be laid on the Block,
Where he shall pay for all his former guilt ;
A Rebels blood is never too soon spilt.
He shall not have a day more to repent,
And that's the way his pardon to prevent ;
I'll neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor lye,
Until the Traytor for his Treason dye. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE SCENE a Place of Execution.

*Enter Infortunatus Guarded, the Executioner following with
the Axe.*

Infort. Is this my Funeral Day, wherein I must
Submit to crawling Worms, and turn to Dust ?
I am more happy in my fatal Doom,
Than those who live in slavery unto Rome ;

King *Romanus* cannot shun a fall,
When God writes *MENE TEKEL* on the Wall.

Enter Manlius.

Man. Talk no more Treason, but lay by your hate;
Confess your Crimes, and then submit to Fate.

Infort. What Crimes? Vain-glorious Man, dost thou
With vain pretences, come to plague me now?
Be gone base Slave, and from my Scaffold fly,
I'll not be taught by you the way to die;
If you prate more, I by my *Axe* of Steel,
Will make your Face my dying Passion feel.

Man. I do persuade you only, if I can,
To die a Penitent good Christian.

Infort. He that doth Preach Death from a Cannons mouth,
Doth never cure, and seldom speaks the Truth.
He that design'd to kill me with a Ball,
Will never raise me up, but make me fall.
If I have left my Peace to make till now,
It were a work too hard for me to do.

*The Scene openeth, and all the Instruments of Death, with a
black Coffin appear.*

Manl. By King *Romanus* I was hither sent
Your long delays, and uproars to prevent;
And see that long'd-for Blow, that will divide
Your Head and Body, and all feuds decide.

Infort. Since you to suck my Blood have such desire,
I'll quickly grant you what you do require.
Make ready Executioner, for I
Shall soon be in a readiness to dye.

Execut. Forgive me that which I must undertake,
Your Death doth make my panting heart to quake.

Infort. And why so much a Coward? 'Tis your place.

Execut. I'd rather dye than butcher up your Grace.

Infort. I do forgive you freely, therefore do
That which the Laws of Catholicks allow.
Come shed my Blood, and take this for your trouble: [*gives*
All Men are Dust, their Life's but a Bubble. *him some reward.*

The Banished Duke.*Here he stoppeth a little.*

I had the Love of all, of none the Hate,
 Dandled upon the knees of Church and State,
 Now must submit my self to Divine Fate.

*Layeth down his
 Head to the
 Block.*

Stoppeth again.

Forbear your Blow, till my mind fixed be
 On Heaven above, and long Eternity.

After a short meditation, he giveth the Executioner a sign, who immediately, instead of his Neck, striketh him in the Shoulder.

Execut. O cruel stroke! O thrice unhappy Day!
 My trembling hand mistakes the bloody way.

At the next blow the Executioner divideth his Head from his Body, and the Corps being put in a Coffin are carried away; all present mourning and bewailing his Fate and Tragick end.

A C T. I V.**The S C E N E** *Alba Aula Regalis.*

Enter King Romanus, Papissa, Cancellarius, and Calamus.

Roman. **T**HIS blow has struck Rebellion dead, and I
 Shall Reign Great Albion's Monarch till I dye.
 My Foes are all evanish'd like a Cloud,
 Dissolv'd in Air, and perish'd in their Blood.
 Now, lest my Kingdoms kick, and grudge to be,
 Subjected to my Yoke of Popery,
 I'll keep a standing Army that will bring
 Them to obey me, tho' a Popish King.
 Yet here I'll stop the Current of my rage,
 And bring no Rebels more, upon the Stage.

Calam. By force of Arms a King may soon subdue
 A weak, unarm'd, untrain'd, rebellious Crew;
 And afterwards compel them to inherit
 The just reward of their Deserts and Merit.
 Yet tho' the Sword of Justice be a thing,
 That's much to be desired in a King:

Better his Subjects love him for his Good,
'Than tremble at his shedding Seas of Blood:
Then pardon those deluded Men that rose
Against their King, and sided with his Foes.

Rom. I'll take your Counsel, for 'tis wise and good,
I'll live in Peace, and shed no Subjects Blood:
Yet will in Spite of all my Subjects Noses,
Promote the *Pope*, whoever it opposes.

Pap. Think you, a drop of base rebellious Blood,
Can quench my Rage, that doth require a Flood?
And will incense the Universe, and Sky,
Unless the *Western* Country Rebels dye.
No, no, Revenge my Passion doth recruit,
And every Tree shall hang with human Fruit.
Go *Cancellarius*, soon, and imp your Rage
With all the *Furies* of this stubborn Age,
Fly to the *West*, let your Revenge be hot,
Disgorge out Halters from your fiery Throat;
Hang up those Traytors of the *Western* King,
And every Rebel to Subjection bring:
No pity take, but pass a lawless Doom
On all who did not own the cause of *Rome*;
Let Widows tears, and Orphans crys prevail
No more with you, than *Tomefer* with his Tail;
Of Human Bodies, Sinews, Blood, and Bone,
I'll Beacons build as high as *Babylon*.

Canc. I'll smoak in Fury, and perform your Will,
Whatever you command, be't good or ill:
I'll take no pity, but possess their Wealth,
And hang themselves up to the Kings Good Health.

Rom. Since she must have it so, pray get you gone:
I'm sure e're long, she'll pull me from my Throne.

Calam. Great Queen, 'tis neither necessar, nor wise,
To prosecute so bad an Enterprize.
'Tis strange, to see you in your Fury strive,
To make your Foes your Greatness to survive.

Pap. I'll have my Will, and make the Traytors fall,
I'll reign and rule, I'm one against them all. *Exit Canc.*

Enter Don Ferdinando, and falls on his Knees.

Ferd. I'm come to beg Forgiveness of my Crimes,
That's lately done, and that of older Times,
If that your Majesty, will pardon me,
I'll henceforth still a Loyal Subject be.

Rom. Hence get thee gone, Thou author of Mischief,
Thou mad'st the Breach, and cur'd it to my Grief.
Go live in shame, no punishment of Time,
Can equalize a Turn-Coat Traytors Crime:

Ferd. I am the Man that kept you on your Throne,
And now you flight, and bid get me gone,
Your foes I did out-wit on your account,
And this is all to which it doth amount:
I do deserve to be promoted high,
And be your greatest Subject till I dye.

Rom. A Traytor once, will be a Traytor still,
Turns with the Times, t' accomplish all his Will.
Hence then thou Villain, Bane of Church and State;
I love the Treason, but the Traytor hate: *Exeunt Omnes.*

The SCENE Villa Rasa Occidentalis.

Enter Cancellarius, with Four Constables.

Canc. By King *Romannus*, I was hither sent,
Treasons and Insurrections to prevent,
And to reward those Rebels, who of late,
Strove to subvert both Kingdom, Church, and State.

Const. We in Obedience to our King did seize
Such Rebels as (their Fancy fond to please)
Did in Rebellion, rise to overthrow,
The Government, with King *Romanus* Foe.
Speak but the word, we'll bring them here to you,
That you may judge them, and condemn them too.

Canc. We'll hang them first, and then to Tryal bring:
Such Traytors as rose up against their King;
They shall be hurry'd hence, that others may
Be made more wary, what to do or say:
I'll take no pity, nor prolong the time,
But every one shall suffer for his crime.

Then

Then bring them here that I may quickly ease
Papissa's Fury, and Romanus please. *Exeunt Three Constables.*

*Enter Country-maid, in a straw Hat, and falls upon her knees
 before Cancellarius.*

Maid. Thrice noble Sir, grave Judge, that's just and true,
 With mournful Tears, I do petition you.

Canc. Speak on fair Maid; for certainly I will
 Grant your Request, and your Desire fulfil.

Maid. My Sweet-Heart went to see the Rebels Host,
 And was imprison'd there till all was lost.
 Now since he was detain'd by warlike Force,
 And neither serv'd as Souldier, Foot nor Horse,
 Forgive his crime, preserve him safe and sound,
 And you shall have in Gold, Three Hundred pound.

Canc. Give me your Gold, and I shall save his Life,
 I hope you'll prove to him a loving Wife.

Maid. Here is the Gold, I freely give it you, *Giveth him a Bag*
 As you have spoke, I hope you'll likewise do. *of Guineas.*

Canc. Let me be hang'd, or else in Prison lye,
 To my last Breath, if your Sweet-Heart shall dye.

*Enter Lady Penelope, in an old torn Gown, a Page holding up
 her Train, in a sorrowful manner, and presenteth a Petiti-
 on to Cancellarius, which he readeth thus.*

To the Right Honourable, &c.

The Humble Petition of Sir Roger Ringwode, Knight.

Sheweth,

That at the earnest request of my Sweet-heart, who is now my
 Wife, and the Bearer hereof, I was made a Knight of Honour,
 by King Infortunatus (of Blessed Memory) whom I faithfully served
 all the time he was in the West, and therefore think it contrary to the
 nature of Law and Chivalry, to try a Person of Quality with the or-
 dinary Rabble, or hang an honest man with the common crew: There-
 fore, thought it convenient to advise you to let me have the judgment
 and sentence of a free Parliament. But if, without any delay, you
 will be pleased to set me at Liberty, my Lady will give you five
 pound,

The Bann'd Duke.

pound, which is more than what we are worth in the world.
Which if you do, your Petitioner will be always willing to serve you.
Sir R. R. Knight.

Canc. Where are those pounds that are in number five?
For which I must preserve a Knight alive. *She giveth him a Bag*
I'll take the money, for 'tis none of yours, *with Five Pound.*
And make you an Example to all Whores.
Your Life is forfeit, and your Husbands too,
With all the Necks of the Rebellious Crew;
Which, with *Infortunatus* did combine,
To prosecute his desperate design.
Your name's *Penelope*, I heard of you,
And all your pranks of Treason you did do:
You gave your King a Petticoat of Scarlet,
To be a Standard, like a bold-fac'd Harlot.
Take her away, in Prison let her lye, *The Constable lay-*
For Treason she shall with *Sir Roger* dye. *eth hold on her.*

Pen. What aid could I to any Host afford,
Who never could endure to touch a Sword?

'Tis true I to *Infortunatus* sold
A Petticoat, which he repay'd in Gold:
But how can this so great a crime set forth,
To sell a thing for more than thrice the worth.

Const. Pray spare the womans Life, and let her be
From her Confinement set at Liberty.

Canc. If I her life preserve, I'll make her dance,
Another Jigg than she can learn in *France.* *Constable leadeth*
Penelope to the Door, where he leaveth her, and returneth.

Enter three Constables, with several Prisoners chain'd; Sir Roger,
in a torn Red Coat, walking foremost: with two women, and
the Hang-man following after, with his Ropes.

Canc. Rebels advance, receive your final doom,
For kicking at the Pope, and Church of Rome:
And striving to depose your lawful King,
And these three Nations to confusion bring.
Come hang them up, we have no need to stay,
To waste our time in judging such as they.
Unto the Kings good Health hang up a score;
And to the Queens promote a hundred more.

Maid.

Maid. Did you not take three hundred pounds to save
My Sweet-hearts life, and keep him from his Grave.

Cancell. I mind no promises; come, hang them all:
We'll save Expende, make but one Funeral.
But since, fair Maid, you would preserve his life,
In hopes to be the young mans wedded Wife;
When dead, you shall receive, at my command,
Of his that which you love best, in your hand.
You Executioner, be sure so do,
Since I have laid my strict commands on you.

Maid. Is this the Judge, by King *Romanus* sent,
To do the Nation justice; and prevent
All Insurrections, and again restore,
And mend the breach, as it hath been before?
May Justice seize such Judges; for he lyes,
That calls him just, or good, or grave, or wise. *Kisseth her*
Sweet-heart in Chains, and Exit weeping.

Cancell. Talk what you will, till you your self confound,
I'll bear a little for three hundred pound.

Sir Roger. I am a Knight of Honour, and deny
With this mad Rabble in a Rope to dye.
Come try me first, and after pass my doom;
And do not hang me for the Cause of *Rome*.
Could I come at him, I th' old Rogue would kill;
And, should I longer live, oppose him still.

Cancell. You are a ragged Knight, of Rogues the worst,
We'll honour you, by hanging you up first:
You're obstinate, mischievous in your mind,
And have some wicked enterprize design'd.
We must dispatch you soon with all the Crew,
Who suddenly shall bid the World adieu.

Sir Rog. Shall we not have some time before we dye,
To fit our selves for long Eternity?

Canc. No not one Minute more, for dye you shall,
Now instantly, and none prevent your fall.
Come hang them up.

Const. What shall be done, to these two Women here?
They say they're guiltless, and from Treason clear.

Canc. I say they're guilty whores, already dead:
This shall be burnt, and that shall lose her Head.

Wom.

The Banished Duke.

Wom. I gave a Man, whom I took for a Saint,
 Money to buy those things which he did want ;
 Who prov'd on Tryal, to be one of those
 Whom you repute to be your Mortal Foes :
 And this is all my Crime, for which I must
 Be burnt to ashes, and dissolv'd in dust.
 Yet rather suffer Death for Charity,
 Than to a Saint a Widows mite deny.

2 Wom. I lodg'd two Strangers in my House all night,
 And am convinc'd that it was just and right.
 You term them Rogues, and Rebels of the West,
 Who did the Kingdom, Church and State molest.
 What's that to me? I question'd not at all,
 Their Business, my Kindness was so small.
 Now innocent, to please you I must dye,
 Whilst all my crime is Hospitality.

Canc. I have no patience, nor can I delay
 Justice, to hear what tattling Traytors say.
 Hang up Sir Roger first, that I may see
 Three Kingdoms from his Treachery set free :
 And after him the common crew shall dye,
 Within the twinkling of the Hangmans eye.
 As for these women, after all the Males,
 Are put to Death, then they must low their Sails.
 Make haste, I'll to *Romanus* drink a Cup,
 Whilst these base Rebels are a hanging up.

*The Constables carry the Prisoners, under the Hangings, whence a
 Gibbet turneth out, like a crane, or yards Arm, with a great
 many men Hanging on't.*

Enter Widows mourning, and Orphans crying.

Canc. This prospect doth rejoyce my Soul, and I
 Am overjoy'd to see those Rebels dye,
 I hope that henceforth we shall live at ease ;
 Only our Lusts and Appetites to please.

Widows. Sad sight to see our Husbands and our Sons
 Hang'd up, to please a crew of Friars and of Nuns :
 Hell take them all, and you among the rest, *Pointeth at Canc.*
 You're all so bad that none can know the best.

May

May King *Romanus* from his Kingdom fly, [*The Gibbet turneth in*
And end his Life within a Monastery. *again, and Exeunt omnes.*

A C T V.

The S C E N E *Alba Aula Regalis.*

Enter Papissa, big Belly'd, convey'd by Povicena, and Petrus Impostor.

Papissa. THE Tempest of my Fury is o'repast,
And now my Rage is quenched by this last
Blast of Revenge, which hath dispers'd the Cloud
Of my Confusion, which fell out in Blood ;
Wherein I swim, yet do not fear to sink ;
More pleas'd with such a Sea than Meat and Drink.

Povi. Came think no more of Rebels, but of things
Concerning Princes, Emperours, and Kings,
The time draws nigh, wherein you must prepare,
To furnish *Albion* with a Lawful Heir.

Pap. I've bore this Pillow, six months on my Womb,
And must do so, for three Months yet to come :
And since my Time of Labour doth draw nigh,
I must augment, and set the Pillow high ;
Rip up the Prince, and put some Cotton in,
He will not cry altho you prick his Skin.

*Pulleth the Pillow, from her Womb, and giveth it to the Lady, who
Stuffeth it with a pound of Cotton.*

Call in the *Midwife*, and *Petrona* too, *Pointing at Petrus.*
I'll take advice of them how I shall do.

Povi. This greasy Pillow is a nasty thing,
It ne're will be a good Prince nor a King.

Pap. Leave off to jest, 'tis not a fitting time
Of that which known, would prove a deadly crime.

G

Enter

Enter Midwife, Petrona big with Child, and Petrus Impostor.

Pap. You know *Petrona* that I do design,
To add an Heir unto the Royal line;
Which must be done by *Hocus* means, when I
Shall counterfeit a Labour, and Out-cry,
You must be there, and privately convey
Your child to me, if that it be a Boy,
When you are brought to Bed; and till you be,
I'll grunt and groan, that none may question me.
You are of my Religion you know how,
That this will all the Hereticks o'rethrow;
That live in *Albion*, For their Prince shall be,
Brought up at *Rome*, and train'd in Popery.
Now what shall I give for your Child, if it
Should prove a Boy, and all my projects hit.

Pet. Five thousand pound the matter will decide,
My Child's a Boy, it lyes in the right side.

Pap. Five thousand pound to make your Son a King!
This is a more than ordinary thing;
But will not stand what you have said to do,
If to a constant secrecy you'll vow.

Petron. I, by our Lady's Girdle and her Garter,
Rather than speak one word will dye a Martyr.

Petrus. That will not do; but whispering to prevent,
On what you say, you's take the Sacrament.

Papissa. Let it be so; for then we'll have some ground,
Without delay, to pay five thousand Pound.

Pet. But what if it should prove a Girl, when she
Hath got the Sum of Money? where are we?

Pap. Tho it prove so, I shall have others there,
And surely one will serve me for an Heir.
There is no need the Money to restore;
For *Albion* shall supply me still with more,
'Tis for the use of it, I lay it out,
And it shall buy me too a Baby-clout,

Povi. Here is your Prince, whom you so much adore,
'Tis weightier by a pound, than 'twas before,

Povicena giveth back the Pillow to the Queen.
(Queen)

Queen Papissa takes the pillow, and layeth it on her Belly, from whence she had taken it.

Midw. It is too low,

Petro. Make it like mine.

Petrus. Set it higher, thus.

Midw. Now it is too high.

Pov. Pull it a little to the right side.

Petrus. Let it be so,

Pap. Now it is right.

I hope in time, to bring forth this my Son,
And end my Labour, ere it be begun.

Enter Romanus.

Rom. What Intrigues here of self-confounding Wit,
That's good for all, and yet for nothing fit.

Pap. Rouse up old Boy, altho thy vigour fails,
I will present thee with a ————

Clappeth her hand on her Belly.

Rom. That Prince will be my more than mortal Foe,
And prove ere many years my overthrow.
For when the project is found out I shall,
With Shame, receive a sad and dismal Fall.

Pap. He shall be your adopted Son, and Reign
As much as he had been by Nature mine :
He is your artificial Child, and shall,
In spite of all opposers, have the Wall.

Pet. I have a Son, my Husband never got;
Yet he's he the Father, for he doubts it not :
Believe he's yours, and your Son that's bought,
Will have, for whom, in Bed, you never wrought.

Rom. To give three Kingdoms, one was never known,
Unto a Beggar's Child to cheat his own.

Pap. I'll have it so, and if you dare deny;
My Will's a Law, and none shall ask me why.

Petrus. Great Sir, You promised once to restore
The Church of Rome, as she hath been before.
This is the way, and only this will do,
A Popish Prince will make three Nations bow.

Rom. Monster of Dragons, must I turn, and be
An ancient Fop of Inhumanity :
Let it be so, you shall have my consent,
But blame me not, when after you repent.

Pet. You must appoint a solemn day of thanks,
To pray to Heaven, to cover all our pranks ;
And write to *Rome*, to save us from the Lurch,
To sing *Te Deum*, in *St. Mary's Church*.

Pap. Were I with Child, I should fear, that the prayer
Of Protestants, should make me lose mine Heir.
But now *Papissa* all their power defies,
Let them mock Heaven, to blind their own eyes.

Rom. I'll call the Clergy, and appoint a Day
Of Fast, whereon the Hereticks may pray,
That you may not miscarry, but enjoy
A Popish Prince, their Pulpits to destroy.

Exit Roman.

Pap. Now I am pleas'd, for 'tis a famous thing,
To be the mother of a potent King.
Come let us a play a Game at Cards for I,
Am not afraid that I'll in Child-birth dye.

Pap. We'll play at Beast, for by our wit we shall,
Confound our Foes, and make them all to fall :
Perswading old *Romanus* to a thing,
That's far below the Candour of a King.

Petr. What shall we play for ? *Pap.* Fifty pound a Game.

Petr. My Duce against your Ace. *Pap.* Out fie shame,
That you, who must forgive me all my Sin,
Should proffer thus my Gravity to win.

He shuffletb and dealetb the Cards, and turnetb up a Pick Trump.

Petrus. Come, Picks are Triumph.

Pap. Here is a Royal King. *She playetb the King of Hearts.*

Pet. Here I'm above him. *Petrus playetb the Knave above him.*

Pap. That's an unjust thing.

A royal Prince of his right to bereave,

Papissa stoppetb him from taking the Trick.

Eclips'd by any Varlet, Clown, or Knave.

It will not do, but here am I my self. *[playetb the Q. of Diamonds.]*

Petr. And here am I above you.

Petrus playetb the Knave above the Queen.

Pap.

Pap. This is a thing that I will not allow,
I try'd the Trick, and know it will not do.
Here is my *Ace of Clubs*. *Pet.* Sure I'll have that.

Pap. Pray hold your hand, and tell me first for what.

Stoppeth him from taking the Trick.

Pet. Here is my Trea of Picks, and that is Trumps.

Pap. Pray take it then.

Enter Povicæna in haste, and whispereth Queen Papissa in the ear, telling her that Six of the Nine women with Child, were in Labour, desiring her, in all haste, to take her Labour too, and make choice of a Prince, or Royal Heir. Exeunt Papissa & Povicæna.

Pet. I am the wit of Europe, and what's more, (*aside*)
The man that must the Church of Rome restore :
I can out-wit the wise, in every thing,
And by the Noë I lead Great Albion's King.
My policy the Queen with Child begot,
Now I'm a hatching of a Powder-plot,
That will destroy the Hereticks, and those
That strive the Roman Interest to oppose.

Enter Romanus, Alberlo, Cancellarius, and Calamus.

Cal. How now ? dost thou thus talk unto thy self ?
Like some Hob-Gobbling Ghost or Fairy-Elf.
Dost thou invoke the Furies, from below,
To work thy King Romanus overthrow ?

Pet. The Queen crys out ; and I but pray that she,
'The Mother of a Royal Prince may be ;
A Prince that may on Hereticks pass Doom,
And make the Universe submit to Rome.

Rom. Cry out ! how so ? methinks you're mad indeed,
Such foolish Fancies in your Brains to breed :
I am asham'd such idle talk to hear,
For 'tis too soon, I'm sure by half a year.

Pet. She is in Labour, for I heard her cry,

Wipeth his eyes as he were crying.

And I'm afraid that Queen Papissa dyc.

Cal.

The Banished Duke.

Cal. Good time, with easy Labour, like a Nun,
May she enjoy, and for her pains a Son.

Canc. A Son that may this stubborn Nation bring
In more subjection, to a potent King.

The cry of a woman in Labour is heard without.

Alb. I heard a cry, and judge that it may be,
The Queen in Labour— *All hearken, but hear nothing.*

Enter Two Bishops in Surplices.

Rom. Pray who comes here? Two Bishops? get you gone,
I'm busie now, but you may come anon.

Bish. We hear the Queen's in Labour, therefore we
Should in her privy Chamber present be,
That if she have a Son we may declare,
Him Albion's Royal, True and Lawful Heir.

Rom. Seditious Apes, you Trumpeters of Treason,
Be gone, or else I'll send you both to Prison.
What's your concernment? what should you declare?
I'm old enough to look to my true Heir. *Exeunt Bishops.*

Enter Midwife, bearing a Basket, with a naked Baby in it.

Midwife. Great Sir, I'm come before your eyes to bring,
A Royal Prince, that may in time, be King

[*To King Romanus, whilst Alberlo standeth at a distance.*
Of these three Nations, pious, wise and just;
After you're Dead, and are dissolv'd in dust.
Come welcome him into the world, and see
If e're you knew a finer Child than he. *Presents her Basket.*

Rom. It is a pretty Child, take him away.

Midw. There never was a finer made of clay.

Canc. It is a Girl, I vow, pray Midwife look.

Midw. I from the number, have the wrong Child took,
But will bring in another. *Rom.* Pray thee do,

Midw. I can another, and another too: [Exit Midwife

Cal. These foolish women are for nothing fit,
They will betray the projects of our wit.

Pet. I'd rather give ten thousand pound, in Gold,
Than it were known, the Child were bought and sold.

The Banish'd Duke.

47

Alb. Your words are dark, I know not what you mean.
Be bought and sold, and children of the Queen.

Canc. He only talks of things, he knows not what,
Of Monks and Friars, and Nuns, and this and that.

Rom. Alberlo, prithee for an hour be gone,
We have a private project to be done.

Alb. How ere so private, you may tell it me,
But scorn that I a burden now should be.

Exit Alber.

Enter Midwife bearing two Baskets.

Midw. Here are two Children, take your choice and see,
Which Child is fit a royal Prince to be.

*They take the two Children out of the Basket, and hand them from
one to another.*

Canc. This is the fattest. *Rom.* And the fairest too.

Pet. We'll seek no other, for the same will do. *Exit Midwife.*

Let every Roman Catholick now sing
In Expectation of a Popish King,
Who will the Church of Rome again renew,
And all the stiff-neck'd Hereticks subdue.

Rom. Call in the Bishops, now, that they may see,
My Lawful Heir, and Royal Progeny.

Exit Calam.

Pet. Great Sir, Will you admit them to behold
Young Innocent? and dare they be so bold,
With eyes and breath Heretick to prophane
The Prince that will restore our Church again:
We of their company stand not in need,
Much less to see, or touch the Royal Seed.

Rom. Impostor, should I counsell'd be by you,
I should my self and all that's mine undo;
I might look great a while, but must confess,
I quickly should be Crown, and Kingdomless.
You hatch'd the Prince, within your fiery Brain,
And I'm afraid the plot will prove in vain.

[*aside.*

Canc. There is no danger, and you need not fear,
If you'll conceal all from the Subjects ear.

Pet. The Child is yours, tho Protestants should prate,
From Clown to Prince, he's Transubstantiate.

Rom.

The Banished Duke.

Rom. I wish it prove so, and that no man may,
My *Hocus* Tricks, and juggling Acts betray.

Enter two Bishops, Manlius, and Oxonius, with Calamus Tremeb.

Manl. May'st please your Majesty, I hear the Queen
Hath these two Weeks, in cruel Labour been ;
And now brought forth a Son, as we did pray,
When we, at *Christmas* last, kept Holy day,

Rom. I have a Son that is both plump and fair,
And hope will prove *Great Albion's* Lawful Heir.

Enter Papissa, Povicena, and the Midwife, bearing the young Prince.

Rom. My wife you're welcome to the world again,
You have not spent your Labour now in vain.

Pap. I was so deadly sick, I tell no story,
That I was near the Gates of Purgatory.

The King saluteth his Queen Papissa, and every one kisseth her Hand round.

Here is your Royal Heir which I did bring,

Taketh the Child from the Midwife, and giveth it to the King.
From Death's dark door, to be *Great Albion's* King.

Come hug and hand him all, from one another,
I shall not run the hazard of another.

Man. This Birth strikes Rebels blind, turns to despair,

Manlius taketh him in his Arms.

Their hopes of Contest for a Royal Heir.

Sedition sinks down dead, and every Traytor

Metamorphos'd is to another creature.

Rebellion puts on black, and sadly crys,

And Turn-coat Treason desperately dies.

Oxon. Then may he live, and wear his Father's Crown ;

Oxonius taketh the Prince in his Arms.

And gain his Kingdom's Honour and Renown.

Like *Solomon*, for wisdom let him be,

And good *Jessab* for true piety ;

Not furious, fierce, but merciful and kind ;

Like *Jonathán*, in constancy of mind :

Like

Like *Moses* meek, Majestick in his word,
To sway the Scepter, and unsheath the Sword ;
To cherish Subjects, and promote the good ,
To cut off Rebels, and cast down the proud.
That all his Subjects may (like *Flowers* in *May*)
With peace and plenty, flourish in his day.

Pap. These are two honest Hereticks, and I
Will still be mindful of their Loyalty.

Enter Messenger in haste.

Mess. Great Sir, I'm come in haste, to let you know,
Of a more fierce and powerful *Western* Foe.
The *Golden Prince* from *Belgium* is come o're,
With fifty Sail of ships, and on our shore
Hath landed Twenty thousand men in Arms,
Which do surprize us with their fresh alarms.
Your Peers and Subjects joyn with him apace,
And every opposition gives him place.
He doth affirm and solemnly declare,
The *Royal Prince* to be no Lawful Heir,
But a dark Pillow-Prince, hatch'd in the night
By Popish pranks, to cheat him of his right.
The groaning Nation, and the Subjects crys,
The Widows Tears, and Orphans weeping eyes,
Your banish'd Subjects, Liberties, and Laws,
And his own right make up a Lawful Cause,
Of bloody War ; Therefore he vows to fight
Against your Popish Crew, for his own right.
Your Souldiers, Subjects, Peers, and all accost
His coming in, and joyn unto his Host,
Which call themselves the Safe-guard of the Nation ;
And to confirm all, here's his Declaration.

He giveth Romanus a paper, which he looketh a little on.

Rom. I will make haste, to muster all my Host ;
I'll fight in person, ere my Crown be lost.
Go Messenger, in haste, and view the Force
Of all the *Prince's* Army, Foot and Horse.
And, when you have done so, return to me,
And for your pains, you shall rewarded be,

H

Exit Mess.
The

This is the Fruit of your confounded pranks, *Speakesh to Q. Pap.*
For which I owe the old Impostor thanks,
And must confess, not without provocation,
That now the Prince invaded hath the Nation.

Cal. I oft times told thee what would be the end
Of all the projects which thou didst intend ;
And hadst thou taken but advice of me,
Thou of this Scene of Sorrow hadst been free ;
Which, now, is like to work thy fatal fall,
And, in a moment, to undo us all.

Canc. Promotion is the Curse of men, and I
Am so astonish'd that I fear to dye.

Pet. I'm so cast down and terrify'd in mind,
That I'm afraid a Remedy to find.

Pap. Shall I who have in so great Splendor been,
•Prefer'd to be *Great Albion's Royal Queen*,
Be forc'd to live in shame, and great disdain,
And steer my course to *Italy* again.
I can but wring my hands, and stamp and stare,
And, half distracted, tear my curled hair.

Rom. And why so much afraid ? I question not
To serve him as I did the R———

I'll go, with speed, an army to provide,
Which will all quarrels with the Sword decide:

Calam. I will, in spite of every former Crime,
Turn to a State *Hermaphrodite* of Time.
I'll whine and wheedle, side with every thing,
That will my projects to perfection bring :
Yet, come what will, I shall until I dye
Be sure to serve your *Sovereign Majesty*.

Exit Calamus.

Canc. I've so behav'd my self, that I shall dye,
If catch'd ; and now can neither stay or fly ;
I am so terrify'd and stung with Guilt
Of Villanies, and Blood that I have spilt :
My Brains distracted, Fear doth me possess,
My Joynts do tremble for my Wickedness.

Petr. I will return to *Rome*, from whence I came,
And strive to set all *Europe* in a flame,
Yet *Albion*, tho I should contrive a Plot,
Will slight my Wits, and find an Antidote:

Enter

Enter Messenger in haste.

Mess. I have survey'd and view'd the *Western Host*,
And now three Kingdoms, with your Crowns, are lost.
Your Guards, with all your Military Force,
Of Men and Arms, of Infantry and Horse,
Have joyn'd themselves unto your mortal Foes,
Whose power the *Church of Rome* cannot oppose.
The War is ended, e're it be begun,
And there is now no Remedy but, Run.

Drums beat and Trumpets sound without.

The Enemy's at hand, therefore be gone,
Preserve your self, if you should lose your Throne.

Rom. He'll take the projects, which the *Romish Crew*
Have, by their Conjurations, forc'd me to.
Now I must steer my Course, I know not where,
And all is long of this your Royal Heir.

Pap. I'll strait to *Gallia*, and use all my Arts,
Wherewith I use to conquer greatest Hearts ;
I'll try them all, and see what power I have,
To make that Generous Monarch's heart my Slave.
And if in this the Fates will be but kind,
As with this Prince I may such favour find,
To grant but power sufficient to subdue
This Fortunate, and too Victorious Foe ;
They quickly then shall my resentments see,
And find what 'tis to injure mighty me.
I'll bring such Monsters, as shall make a Flood
Of *English* Hereticks, and Rebels Blood.

Pet. May Heav'n be kind, and your endeavours bless,
Whilst I invoke the Gods for your success.

Rom. When your kind Fate to *Gallia* shall you bring,
My best Respects to the Most Christian King ;
Tell him he little doth deserve that Name ;
And also what a most prodigious shame
'Twill be, unto the Faith he doth profess,
If he my Grievances don't soon redress :
I, who to the brink of wretchedness am come,
And all for being true to th' *Church of Rome*.

The Banish'd Duke.

The Enemy's at hand, *Papissa*, go,
And get but force to oppose this Mighty Foe,
We'll enter *Albion*, and such spoil will make
Shall cause the proudest of their hearts to ake;
We then shall our Revenge most sweetly taste,
We'll Ravage, Plunder, Burn, Destroy, lay Waste,
And not a Rebel leave alive at last.

*The Queen tyeth the Prince on Father Petrus's back, and all run
out in great haste.*

FINIS:

Epilogue.

THe Banquet's o're, and we have fed your senses
With Blood & Wounds, & Catholick pretences.
We shew you, in this more than sumptuous Feast,
The Rise and Downfal of the Roman Beast.
With Dishes we your Appetite have fed,
Such as Ashuerus Table never had,
When Symmachus had set before his eye
A Fishes head, affrighted, he did fly
From it: For he did take it for the head
Of Theodorick, whom he murdered:
Even so this Feast, presented to your eye,
Was Murther, Blood-shed and Phlebotomy;
With Pride, Promotion, Madness, and what not,
That can outdo a Super-treason Plot.
Yet, as in Summer, every Hony-Bee
Sucks sweet from every object which they see,

The

The wise and prudent may reap what is good,
From this our Feast, and after chew the Cud;
And attribute the end of humane things
To Providence, and not to Powerful Kings.
But lest your Dishes of Revenge and Spite,
Should not have relish'd with each appetite,
To please you, we a Volder did afford;
That did remove your Dishes by the Sword;
A Potent, Pious Prince, who by his Might,
Restor'd three Kingdoms to their former Right.
In fine then, Gentlemen, you're welcome all;
Our will is good, although the Feast be small:
And if by chance we meet another day,
We'll treat you with a more delicious Play.

Books

